

pent is under them all. Yet you tolerate them here!

We are talking about a Personal Liberty Bill in this State that shall mean something. I hope this Convention will resolve that every man, woman and child that has come to years of understanding, shall sign that petition, and drive it up to the Legislature, and drive the Legislature up to the enactment of the law. Take no denial from them. I believe it may be done. I know it would be done, if we had voices enough to reach the people of the Commonwealth, from the sands of Barnstable to the peaks of Berkshire; and I hope that from this meeting a voice will go forth, that shall be heard in behalf of this statute, and then we shall make Massachusetts what it never has been—free soil!—freer than the day it was bathed in the blood of Warren, vastly freer than it was the day you erected the statue to Warren. And unless Massachusetts does it, and speedily, I pray God he will raise up among the slaves of the South some black Archimedes, who shall fix his lever under the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, and hurl it to disgraceful destruction!—and let all the people say Amen over its fall! (Applause.)

SPEECH OF E. H. HEYWOOD.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am glad to have listened to the exceedingly attractive and instructive narration of the antecedents and consequences of the West India Emancipation, with which we have been privileged to-day. It was worth coming all the way from Worcester North to hear. It carries vastly greater weight since there is a man behind it,—since it is backed up by a twenty-seven years' life of labor and suffering in the great cause that has convened this earnest assembly. I think that all here must now be convinced that God can govern the world, without a slaveholding police to help him, and that men-stealers are not an indispensable agency in the work of human redemption. Dr. Lord and South-side Adams to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Bleby has demonstrated to us, what every American child would know before it was out of its cradle, were it decently taught—that the path of duty is the path of safety; that slavery, like all other villainy, is a loss, is unprofitable and inexplicable, as well as an outrage on God and man. 'Will it pay?' is the American test of every issue, moral not less than commercial. If sin will fetch ten per cent, it is not sin, *per se*.

As Mr. Remond said in his admirable opening address, this is no occasion to make or hear show speeches. We are not here for the gratification of the hour, but to interrogate this Delphi of Liberty for new lessons of duty to the millions of bondmen at our doors, and to be inspired with new strength for the momentous struggle to which we are called. It seems to me, the most emphatic lesson which this event teaches, is the duty of immediate emancipation, and the necessity of a deathless adherence to that principle in the anti-slavery enterprise. Fowell Buxton, looking back over a campaign of forty years, in which the greatest and noblest men of the age had fought, said in 1830, 'All attempts at gradual abolition are utterly wild and visionary.' The unpardonable sin of the American abolitionist is an incurable weakness for speaking the truth, and obeying the Golden Rule. It was a New England minister who said the worst fault of the Garrisonians was in being 'intensely moral and unimaginative.' The leaders of the Republican party, with all their ability and experience, declare that the best way to free the slave is by swearing to keep him in bondage, and magnanimously stigmatize as 'fanatics' all who will not go with their multitude to that evil. Allowing that the old Constitution, pro-slavery in the beginning and laden with new corruptions, can never satisfy the wants of the Republic, and that the principles of the Declaration of Independence are the ultimate appeal in this matter, they continue to assert that Mr. Garrison, as the Italian says, is 'so good as to be good for nothing,' impractical, asks too much.

Now, to me, the fact that the Abolitionists, at the beginning of this conflict, took their stand on the Declaration of Independence, the only permanent timber in American politics, and that, in spite of every opposing faction, they have held that position, this fact is the greatest proof of their practical wisdom and far-seeing sagacity. There is a prophetic power of genius. A man of intellect and heart is always in advance of his age. He is the mountain peak, the first to catch and reflect the dawn. He apprehends great truths, holds them in sacred trust, bears witness to them amidst the general darkness, under storm and persecution, perhaps in the face of death itself. Obstacles and opposition are his meat and drink, and he thrives upon the rugged fare. He beats the mountain of difficulty to dust. In his head he carries a Vatican library, an Oxford University,—in his heart, a world of churches, without their charchisms. The swaddling clothes of Jewish traditions could not long restrain the expanding soul of Paul. Touched by the fire of the Gospel, he flamed into a mighty apostle, and stepped centuries in advance of the greatest thinkers of the age. When Kepler published his 'Harmonies Mundi,' in which was developed his law of the relation between the periodic time and mean distances of the planets, he said, 'The die is cast, the book is written, to be read now or by posterity. I care not which. It may wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer.' Descend from the heights of canonized inspiration and learning, and take an illustration from the humbler walks of common life. More than once in the history of the race has truth designed to ride on so humble a beast as an ass, colt, in fact, a man is great and successful only in so far as he apprehends and represents just principles. Granville Sharp, the clerk of a linen draper, conducted the prosecution in the famous Somersett case. When it came on, as you know, Lord Mansfield, the Achilles of the English bar, was upon the bench, backed by the highest authority in the profession, Blackstone himself, by the Crown, the Court, the Parliament, the money power, and the popular prejudice. Yet this humble clerk, like the strippling David, strode forth, and with the smooth stone of justice put to flight all the Philistines of oppression. For that single act, but one in a life crowded with generous acts, humanity will wear the name of Granville Sharp for ever next her heart. (Loud applause.) James Somersett, the slave himself, who crouched at the feet of his ducal lord and caught the crumbs that fell from his master's table, being the starting-point of a great principle, still keeps in remembrance the name of both duke and castle, which otherwise long since would have been forgotten. Come home, and take a more familiar case. While our David still lives, the bones of Goliath are rotting up in Marshfield. No doubt, Webster was great; but he would have given some proof of his vaunted ability in politics and statesmanship, if he had either understood and directed his own times, or had outrun his own age, and dictated the future. He did neither. He was out-generalled at every turn, and ere he reached the summit of his selfish hopes, the world shook with his far-resounding fall! With God on his side, the humblest man makes a strong party; but it is always hard for Saul to 'kick against the pricks.'

He who would benefit his fellow-men must link himself, as with bands of steel, to just and Christian principles. His example must be so spotless and resplendent as to flush conviction home with a 'blazing light' to a drunken and miserly age like this. To be prepared for all political crises, he must trust nothing but the hard coin of Justice. No contiguous magnet of selfishness must cause him to swerve from the pole-star of right. Now, in the great and holy cause to which we are committed, any scheme of policy that fails short of abolition, that does not reach the slave and relieve him, is futile and impracticable. It climbs downwards, and advances backwards.

Talleyrand says, 'The only thing which is successful is success.' Man is the most sacred object beneath the skies. Wherever you find the upright form, the wonder-working hand, the speaking eye and heavenly-looking countenance, there is the image of the dear Father of us all. Beware how you tolerate any evil that does violence to man. To-day it may be a pimple, to-morrow it will be a cancer, then an ulcer, then a gangrene, spreading living death through all the body politic! The rights of the slave are paramount to all other questions in this reform. Whenever men have been aroused to enterprises of 'great pith and moment,' the appeal has been addressed to the conscience. Slavery is a sin!—that is the Gibraltar of this cause. As a sin, it must be repented of and abandoned at once. That is good orthodoxy. Talk of 'infidelity'! This is the most orthodox, the most profound religious movement of the age. To apologize for slavery in the remotest particular is rank infidelity and bold atheism.

No political party has ever launched a feasible plan of abolition. None now in the field even proposes a solution of this vexed problem. Pass over the Democratic party—that is dead. In the powder wasted on the passage of LeCompton, it paid for the salvo fired over its own grave. The Republican party, so far from projecting any scheme to relieve the slave, bolts and bars him into his house of bondage, and sets itself to guard it. It makes the Union, not Liberty, ultimate. Mr. Hale said, 'The Republican party is not going to introduce anything new,' and then argued that slavery would be safer under it than under the Democratic party. Mr. Banks said, in 1856, 'It is in theory, and only in theory, that one portion of the country is arrayed against the other'; last winter, in his inaugural address, 'the preservation of the Union is among the highest of political duties'; at that earial of Fourth of July (laughed) at Faneuil Hall, a few weeks ago, 'the day is consecrated to the Union of the States.' He has repeated the noblest sentiment that ever fell from his lips,—that he would 'let the Union slide' rather than liberty. The Presidency looms in the distance. The little iron man becomes clay in the hands of the Southern potter,—veils his crest in the presence of the Slave Power. Henry Wilson said from that seat in the Senate where the Anti-Slavery sentiments of Massachusetts placed him, when the Republican party came into power, 'Any men North or South,—that means immediate emancipation,—who should lay their hands on the Union, should die a traitor's death, and leave a traitor's name in the history of the Republic.' Again: 'We vindicate the rights of the States; the right of the Southern States to hold men in slavery, if they choose.' Webster never said a worse thing. The Philadelphia platform pledges 'aid and comfort' to slaveholders. The Republican party is not an anti-slavery party. Even the Kansas issue is abandoned. The Tribune said if the Republicans allowed Kansas to come in as a slave State, 'they would sacrifice none of their cherished principles.' The Richmond (Va.) *South* has it right.—The anti-slavery issue is ignored by the anti-slavery party. In Congress, we hear nothing about the wrongs of the Negro. A boy once borrowed a stick of candy, promising to swallow it, and pull it out of his ear. After turning several somersets, he said he had forgotten that part of the trick. (Laughter and applause.) The anti-slavery construction of the Constitution, in which some vainly attempt to believe, has never been even announced on the floor of Congress by the Republicans. It is hard to find fault. But my duty to the slave does not allow me the luxury of speaking well of any one who leaves him to suffer in his bondage. 'My dear fellow,' said Charles Lamb to his friend Coleridge, 'you are the best man in all England; you have, but one fault—you always fail when you have a duty to perform.' (Laughter.) The only fault of these anti-slavery politicians is in not being anti-slavery; in pledging fidelity and support to the oppressor, and ignoring the oppressed. They are as full of themselves as they are empty of uncompromising anti-slavery principle.

I should be very sorry to say anything to the disengagement of true piety. If men act so with religion, what would they do without it? I believe that underneath all that was objectionable in the late Revival was a widely-spread, deeply-seated aspiration for a higher and holier religious life. I would foster these yearnings of the popular heart. No one not even the angels in heaven, can rejoice more than myself in the salvation of souls from sin. But while a true piety is the best thing in the world, a false piety is the worst thing in the world. Slavery has taken refuge within the sanctuary of religion, and must be driven forth.

The Church is treacherous to the slave. Chameleon like, it shifts its hues in every varying light of conscience, character and time. As Mr. Pillsbury foretold, the theatre received the Gospel of Anti-Slavery before the churches. Ministers lay down reason and conscience at the door of the sanctuary, as the oriental did their shoes. They seem to think the command, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' was given in haste, not modelled with entire philosophical accuracy, and must be subjected to some metaphysical scoring before it can be obeyed. 'God hath made one blood all nations of men' must also undergo some ethnological eliminations to be safely received. That shocking doctrine of the Supreme Court, that negroes 'have no rights which white men are bound to respect,' is but the legitimate offspring of the infamous system of caste that still prevails so widely throughout the churches of the North. The practice of accommodation never was more rife. Clergymen may sugar over great sins with the popular consent, —press the Bible into the ranks of national transgression,—lengthen the creed and shorten the decalogue,—allow men to pray on their knees all day Sunday and on their neighbors all the week, and still their piety not be distrusted. Great religious organizations, instituted for the promulgation of a religion whose very nature is to discover and disown every sin,—a religion before whose benignant countenance all wickedness flees as darkness before the rising dawn,—great religious bodies, some of which are national, others world-wide, grasping the globe in their Briarean arms, seek peaceable rather than pugnacious, the least of these, are found on their knees in the public prints begiving themselves to the Master of the Pilates and Herodias the times, and promising never to do again. 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AUGUST 13.

THE LIBERATOR.

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ABOLITIONISM REBUKED.

In the 'Refuge of Oppression' this week will be found an account of a Fourth of July dinner lately given in Athens, Georgia, the speeches accompanying which in the judgment of the editor of the *Athena* [sic] were a decided rebuke to abolitionism. It has long been the custom of the *Liberator* to present to its readers both sides of the controversy respecting slavery, and to copy liberally such facts and such arguments as seemed to be relied on for the support of the slaves. We therefore give the statement of the *Athena Gazette* as we find it, confessing, however, our inability to wherein the speeches it records are a rebuke to abolitionism.

We find nothing new, surprising or remarkable in the details of the festivity above mentioned. We were perfectly aware that slaveholders, having the slaves entirely within their power, were able to permit them to celebrate the Fourth of July; we knew perfectly well that many masters at the South systematically prefer the gentle methods of coercion rather than the violent and brutal, and are well conscious when the slaves seem willing to receive smiles, tarts, and the occasional distribution of 'privileges,' instead of their rights; we knew that all the elements and circumstances of slavery discourage truthfulness of character alike in the slave and the master—that falsehood gives promise of present advantage to the slave much more frequently than truth—and that the very most certain way of insuring a falsehood is to pay for it.

I think New England, at this time, abounds with abolitionists, who are tired and disengaged with their labors in the anti-slavery cause. Finding the people around them continually indifferent, so bound in sectarianism, and so under the control of the priests, and devoted to self-seeking, they have desisted from their efforts to hold meetings, and otherwise keep the image of the slave in his chains before the eyes of their neighbors. But, I think we should, at least, remember that it is only by righteous labor we can keep our own vision clear, our own conscience pure and tender, our own ears open to the cry of the slave. We should not forget, also, that 'while the sleep, the enemy comes and sows tares' among the wheat we have heretofore planted; and I fear we may find, lying at our own doors, some of the sin of the great revival of this Anti-Christian religion.

MR. FOSS AT VALLEY FALLS.

[Letter from a Lady.]

VALLEY FALLS, (R. I.) July 26, 1858.

I must tell you how successful were our meetings here yesterday. We had good audiences at both meetings. There is here a new minister, who for a Baptist, is a liberal one, and there are, in his church, some who, at heart, are really good people, and who sincerely know that they are sustaining a pro-slavery, man-making, man-degrading religion. Quite respectable number of these, with their minister, attended the evening meeting. Mr. Foss spoke well, and nobly, in the afternoon, showing that the religion of this land is not the Christian religion, by the facts of its governmental, ecclesiastical, and individual proceedings; and, in the evening, that Christianity is a religion of Humanity, attacking the teachings of Jesus as evidence; and contrasting the two, the one professing to honor God by ceremonies and rituals, and dishonoring and degrading man by war and slavery; praising God with the lips, and enslaving and brutalizing his image—the other, in accordance with the teachings of Jesus, breaking the chains of the slave, binding up the wounds of the afflicted, relieving the distressed, 'doing justly and loving mercy,' and thus 'worshipping God by serving man, and doing what is right.' The audience listened very attentively, and, I have no doubt, a good impression was made.

I think New England, at this time, abounds with abolitionists, who are tired and disengaged with their labors in the anti-slavery cause. Finding the people around them continually indifferent, so bound in sectarianism, and so under the control of the priests, and devoted to self-seeking, they have desisted from their efforts to hold meetings, and otherwise keep the image of the slave in his chains before the eyes of their neighbors. But, I think we should, at least, remember that it is only by righteous labor we can keep our own vision clear, our own conscience pure and tender, our own ears open to the cry of the slave. We should not forget, also, that 'while the sleep, the enemy comes and sows tares' among the wheat we have heretofore planted; and I fear we may find, lying at our own doors, some of the sin of the great revival of this Anti-Christian religion.

— August 1. The Atlantic Cable was successfully laid here yesterday morning, and is in PERFECT ORDER.

The Greatest Human Achievement on Record. 'Laus Deo!'

THERE IS 'NO MORE SEA!'—ENGLAND AND AMERICA FACE TO FACE!

THE ATLANTIC CABLE LAID!

TRINITY BAY, August 5. The Atlantic Telegraph fleet sailed from Queenstown, Saturday, July 17, and arrived at mid ocean on Wednesday, 23d; made the spray at one o'clock, A. M., on Thursday, the 29th, and the bells rang twice, the announcement of a salvo bound to Valencia, Ireland, and the Niagara and Gordon for this place, where they arrived yesterday, and this morning the end of the cable will be landed.

The cable has been paid out from the Agamemnon at about the same speed as from the Niagara. The electrical signals sent and received through the whole cable are perfect.

The engineers say for laying out the cable worked in the most satisfactory manner, and was not stopped for a single minute from the time the splice was made until she arrived here.

Capt. Hudson, Messrs. Everett and Woodhouse, the engineers, electricians, officers, and in fact every man on board the telegraph fleet has exerted himself to the best of his ability to make the expedition successful, and by the blessing of divine Providence it has succeeded.

The cable ship Agamemnon arrived at Valencia Bay, (Ireland,) 5th, and landed her part of the cable. The U. S. ship Niagara landed her part of the cable at Trinity Bay to-day, (the 5th.) The electric current is perfect, and the signals pass freely.

August 5. The news of the arrival of the Niagara at Trinity Bay was received here shortly after noon to-morrow, and causes a profound sensation.

TORONTO, C. W., Aug. 5. The news of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable is in everybody's mouth here, and great excitement prevails. There has as yet been no public demonstration, political maters engrossing so much attention. Gov. Head has telegraphed Cyrus W. Field, congratulating him on the success of the enterprise.

HAMILTON, C. W., Aug. 5. One hundred guns were fired and the bells rung twice, in honor of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable.

HALIFAX, Aug. 5. The most intense excitement prevailed throughout the city to-day, on the announcement of the laying of the telegraph cable. It rained heavily, but, disregarding that, the citizens were flying through the streets, sans hat, sans umbrellas, to the telegraph office, where the cable was blocked by eager spectators to see what was being done. Field, down below, was being rung, flags hoisted, and a general demonstration of joy and deep interest manifested. The civil, military and naval authorities are going to have a public demonstration to-morrow, with procession, salutes, music, illuminations, &c.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Aug. 5. There is great rejoicing here at the announcement of the successful laying of the cable, and people every moment are becoming more excited in reference to it, and cannon have been fired. The rejoicings will likely be kept up all day to-morrow.

BUFFALO, Aug. 7. Upon the receipt at Buffalo of the news of the Cable being successfully landed, a strong desire took possession of the people to celebrate the event in a manner becoming its importance. A committee was appointed, and to-night was set apart for the purpose. It is the first time in the history of the city that such a gathering has ever been seen. The buildings on the principal streets are brilliantly illuminated, and bonfires are blazing on almost every corner. Guns are firing and bells ringing everywhere. Bands of music are also parading the streets, which are literally packed with an excited and joyous throng. In the midst of the proceedings, Gov. King, accompanied by the Canal Commissioners, arrived from the dock, and addressed the crowd. The band struck up the national anthem, and remain a column of four to the last to all future ages!

Boston was cautious. It was prudent. It looked up and down, it went forward and backward, it scratched its head, and stroked its nose, it ran its hands into its capacious pockets, it guessed no, and it guessed not; and finally concluded to sleep on it before it went into very large and outward demonstrations. And so no guns were fired, no bells rung, no shouts thundered, nor banners unfurled, there was no noise, but quite natural, for it is not commemorative of one of the great era-events of the world; an event that will go down in history, and remain a column of four to the last to all future ages!

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POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.
 Our Father's form'd the heart which throbs
 Beneath the negro's skin,
 And that which gives the glowing tint
 To his Circassian kin.
 'Our Father' gave the golden locks
 Which grace the Saxon bride,
 And sable curl's on Ethiopia's brow,
 Who mourns by Congo's tide.

With common tastes, desires, and pains—
 All claim a common right,
 And deeply stained with crime is he
 Who winks it out of sight.

The face upbent, the form erect,
 The hand of wondrous power,
 Evincing the presence of the soul
 And godlike form of man.

That form, wherever found, is his—

'Twas never meant to yield,

To till, with brutal, servile hand,

A master's blood-bought field.

With no false royal pedigree,

Dividid caste or clan,

We greet mankind wherever found,

'The Brotherhood of Man.'

Rutland, Mass., July, 1858.

J. E. E.

For the Liberator.

A SPURIOUS PIETY.

The Christian seeks the soul to win
 From error, darkness, woe and sin;
 He lowly bows in costly fane,
 And God-dishonoring creeds maintains,
 While brother man on sunny ground
 In Slavery's galling chain is bound.

Why build ye, Christians, temples high,
 And for the souls of white men sigh,
 While darker brothers plied in vain
 Their freedom and their Right to gain?

Pull down your flags with stars begemm'd,
 While man to slavery is condemned;
 The Future—not the Eagle—paint,
 While heedless of the slave's complaint!

Why talk of Freedom, and display
 Such boasted sights on Freedom's day,
 While human life for paltry gold
 To bondage and to pain is sold?

Christians, your prayers to heaven that go,
 To save men's souls from endless woes,
 If turned to pleading for the slave,
 For life that the Creator gave,
 Would better please the Friend who made
 All brothers, though of different shade.

Up, Christians! go to work for man,
 And his redemption nobly plan
 From servitude, and give him place
 And time to represent his race.

The time will come when man, opprest,
 Shall suor find, and time to rest;
 When voices, silent now, shall thrill,
 And senate halls with rapture fill.

Among the hills of Northern land
 The champions of freedom stand,
 And they will not the cause give o'er,
 Until oppression's known no more.

SYLVESTER.

For the Liberator.

THE HAPPY SLAVE.

* The slaves at the South are a most cheerful class of people.—Dr. NEELIM ADAMS.

I saw a noble-looking man
 As one would wish to see,
 A princely man—clear, open brow,
 And fair white skin had he.

They said the blood of a patriot,
 A hero brave and true,
 Who lived and strove for Freedom's cause,
 His fettered limbs flowed through.

That cultured brain was not his own,
 Nor yet his skillful hand;
 A master owned him, body, soul,
 A slave in Freedom's land.

I thought a noble soul like his
 Would burst through every tie
 That bound him to another's will—
 A freeman live, or die.

He said he was a happy man,
 Had no wish to be free—
 Oh, what a pang his happy words
 And cheerfulness gave me!

I ceased again the hideous thing,—
 I'd not known half its ill—
 That in his soul this Nature's king
 Could love of freedom kill.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BY JOHN A. DORAN.

Ob, say not that the Titan race is dead,
 Which wrought of iron its enduring bays!

Not so!—though we are fallen on evil days;

When honor is no more, and faith is fled;

When love and hate are bought and sold for bread;

When cunning is, as wisdom, shorn of men;

The days of mercenary sword and pen;

When Christ in faces, not in hearts, is read;

When Sin forgets to blush, and Truth almost

Despends to look for succor unto God.

But she shall conquer. PHILLIPS, it is well

That thy indignant protest peal abroad,

Starting our evil slumber, some like a ghost

Arise to upbraid some like of hell!

Philadelphia, July 19, 1858.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

The following was one of the hymns sung by the emancipated slaves in the British West India Islands on the morning of their deliverance:

Joy! for every yoke is broken,

And the oppressed all go free!

Let us hail it as the token

That our much-loved land shall be

Blessed of the Lord Most High,

Ruler of the earth and sky.

Not to us be glory given,

For the victory was the Lord's;

By His arm their chains were riven,

Though His grace the deed rewards;

Ever kind and gracious He,

All unworthy though we be.

Now mightier fetters rend,

Bonds of ignorance and sin;

Now be Satan's empire ended,

May the reign of Christ begin,

And the negro captive be,

Through the Holy Spirit, free!

May these sunny Western Islands

Own the great Redeemer's sway,

And our fruitful vales and highlands,

Brightened by a better ray,

With celestial glory shine,

All effulgent and divine.'

SOCIAL JOYS.

Our social joys are more than fame;

Life withers in the public look;

Why mount the pillory of a book,

Or barter comfort for a name?

The Liberator.

ANNIVERSARY OF BRITISH WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.*Convention of the Colored Citizens of Massachusetts.*

The colored people of New Bedford, with numerous representatives of their friends from Boston, Providence, and elsewhere, celebrated Monday, the 24th anniversary of the liberation from bondage of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West Indies. The attendance was large, and many of their white brethren took a lively interest in the demonstration.

That was deeply lament the recent course of the London *Times*, in catering to the wishes of American slaveholders, by its perversion of the facts of British West India emancipation, and its general tone of disengagement of the Anti-Slavery cause; and sincerely hope and believe that the people of England will not be influenced by its dictation, but rather heed the words of Lord Palmerston, who, in his recent speech, pointed out the question of re-opening the slave-trade, spoke as follows: "I do not see any opportunity—indeed, the 'man for the hour,' when the enemies of freedom are fulminating their falsehoods of the failure of the British West India experiment—an experiment demonstrating to the world the duty and the safety of immediate emancipation."

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